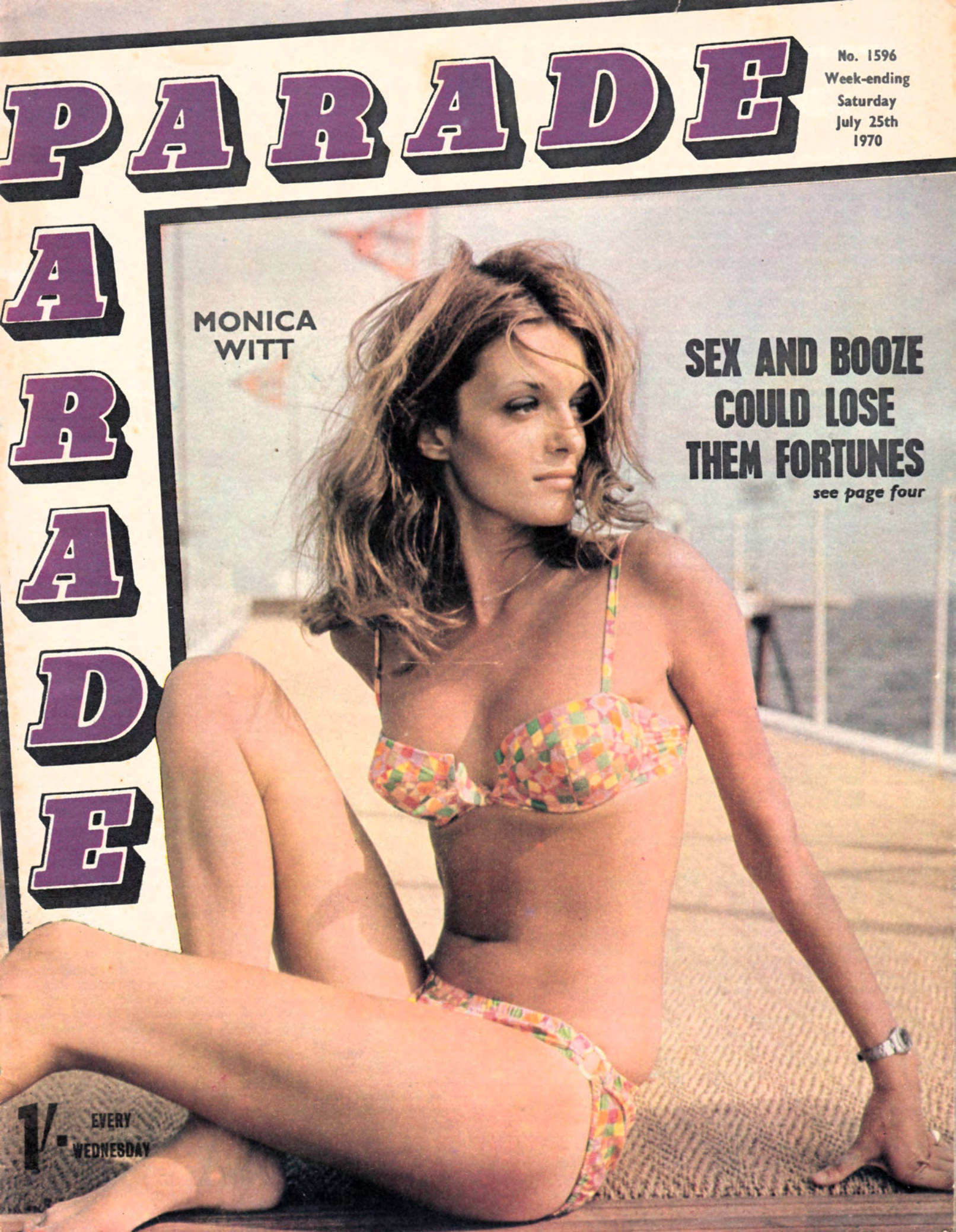
PARADE

No. 1596
Week-ending
Saturday
July 25th
1970

PARADE



MONICA WITT

SEX AND BOOZE COULD LOSE THEM FORTUNES

see page four

1/- EVERY WEDNESDAY

CHERYL GOODHEW

RISING from the sea like one of Neptune's ladies in waiting we have Cheryl Goodhew, and we hereby add that Neptune must never have been able to spot a comely shape when he saw one, otherwise he would have never allowed Cheryl to join us landlubbers.

Or perhaps it just could be that the old king is willing to let bygones be bygones over a few things like river and oil pollution and send us this beautiful ambassador to put the other side's case, and it could be that such an action could bring us all to our senses over this pollution thing. For who in his right senses wants to see Cheryl, or any other equally endowed mermaids covered in the filthy outpourings of some passing tanker. It's enough to get a dune down.

It could be, of course, that Neptune and his court may throw tolerance to the wind after stubbing his toe for the time on some rusty tin, which, to add insult to injury, once contained pilchards.

And that could be a war to end all wars, and let's face it, we have rather asked for it. It could all start like those rows between two neighbours one of whom starts to throw back all the rubbish that has happened to have fallen into the wrong patch of garden. Then he starts to throw all the garbage that has accumulated in his neck of the woods, and in Neptune's case, that's an awful lot of woods.

Picture it now. The odd whale carcase here, a ton of rotting jellyfish there, and a few swordfish remains so that sooner or later most of us would one way or another get the point.

So let us all welcome Cheryl, and hear the news and views of the good king, who up to now, has shown his feelings in a few border skirmishes, but has not gone as far as the out and out holocaust. But the sands of time could be running out . . .

WHAT ON EARTH!!!

ALL YOU NEED IS HATE

Bangkok police are trying to stamp out a hippie-type "Black cult" which is turning teenagers into drug addicts and sexual perverts.

An officer of the narcotics suppression division said the hippie-type gang kidnaps teenagers and holds them in a community where they were taught "Drugs, sex and other evils."

The leaders of the cult demand unswerving obedience from their "Disciples" and subject them to brainwashing. The kidnapped teenagers are taught to hate their parents, relatives and friends.

ROUND TRIP

Louis van Mulders, 36, was released from Brussels prison and took a taxi to his home near Charleroi. There he attacked the taxi driver and robbed him of 2,000 francs. He was locked up in Charleroi prison the same night.

VERY REVEALING

Miss Jacklyn McCartye, 23, pleaded Not Guilty to a charge she was a common nuisance when she strolled naked down a busy street in Honolulu.

Police were given no explanation as to why, dressed only with a handbag, she walked through a busy intersection causing a traffic jam.

An officer said, "We didn't know what to do at first, and to make matters worse, she moved the handbag."

"She had been carrying it modestly in front of her, but when we stopped her, she said her feet were hot and put the bag down and stood on it . . ."

LIP SERVICE

When an attractive blonde lingered a little longer than necessary over a welcome kiss in Cairo airport's transit lounge, security police became suspicious.

Investigating, they found the woman and her male companion were attempting to smuggle several large diamonds into Egypt by transferring the stones from mouth to mouth during the embrace.

BEASTLY BEAUTIES

Southern Kerala state, known for sexy Indian beauties and well-shaped males, held an "ugly queen" and "ugly king" competition.

The competition was open to men and women in the 15 to 50 age group.

COCKTAIL

Two golfers had reached the eighteenth hole when one said to the other. "Hey, Fred, there's a girl outside the clubhouse dressed up like a bride."

The other went pale and said, "My God, I've just remembered what it was I had to do this morning!"

The Eastern potentate with a hundred wives is not so lucky as you think. The chance of his getting a decent night's sleep is a hundred-to-one against.

Heard in the canteen

"We planned a runaway marriage. She planned it and I ran."

JUDGE: "You've commited bigamy three times! I sentence you to six months!"

DEFENDANT: "Marriage Licence endorsed?"

1ST WOLF: "She said she'd like to see a bit of the town, so I took her down to the river and showed her the new bridge."

2ND WOLF: "And did she come across?"

SHE: "I came within inches of stardom."

HE: Really?"

SHE: "Uh-huh. They wanted a *38* and I'm only *34*."

Then there's the little blonde who has had so many affairs with married men that when she smokes she doesn't blow rings, she blows triangles.

WAY OUT WEST . . .

SALOON FLOSSIE: "Say, pardner, your friend's kinda quiet, ain't he?—he ain't opened his mouth since he came in!"

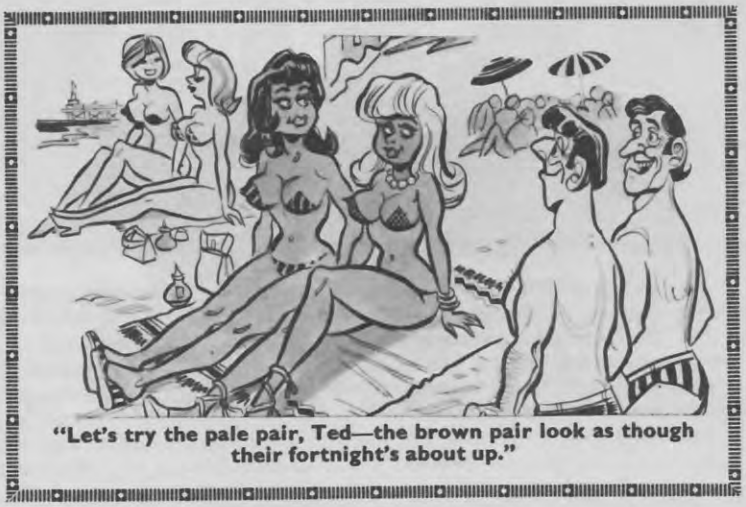
COWBOY: "He's jest waitin' fer someone ter bring him a spitoon!"

THE UNLIKELY LADS

"That redhead I've been dating lately has got absolutely everything."

"Is that why you're looking so pensive?"

"Yeah, I'm wondering how I can get it all back."



"Let's try the pale pair, Ted—the brown pair look as though their fortnight's about up."

They say there's a department of the Secret Service so secret that it's only in the toilets that members of the staff know exactly what their colleagues are doing.

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LONG AND SHORT OF IT

If you like to wear your hair long and look at that extra bit of leg miniskirts show off, Taipei isn't the place for you.

This wartime capital, as the Nationalist Chinese government prefers to call it, has begun a campaign to shorten men's hair and lengthen girl's skirts.

Long hair and showy clothes are out because, officials say, they affect "good public morals".

Police have so far arrested 362 young men and women, including nine foreign nationals, on "disorderly conduct" charges.

All of the boys arrested wore long hair.

SUE and KUE

By ARTHUR FERRIER

"I'm all right as long as I don't look!"

IS HER FACE (ETC.) RED!

GIRL NUDIST: "I'd never have joined this club if I'd known there were women here of a different colour!"

BOY NUDIST: "You a racialist or something?"

GIRL NUDIST: "No, but some of them have turned a different shade of pink and I clash with them!"

SIMPLE ECONOMICS

RECESSION: When you have to tighten your belt.

SLUMP: When you haven't a belt to tighten.

BANKRUPTCY: When you haven't any pants.

Daffynition . . .

DIVORCE SUIT: When there's a third pair of pants.

Then there's a cafe we know where they always serve blended coffee—today's and yesterday's.

And another from the bed-sitter belt . . .

HE: They tell me you have a penchant for petting?

SHE: No just an ordinary studio-couch.

THE FAST

SOMEWHERE on the murky bottom of Coniston Water in the English Lakeland lie the remains of an ancient teddy bear, grim testimonial of a good luck charm that did not work for Donald Campbell during his attempt at the World Water Speed Record.

The teddy bear, Woppett, and Campbell survived dozens of accidents—except the speedboat crash on Coniston.

Not all record and racing drivers resort to teddy bears for good luck charms. Others feel their luck lies with the smile of a pretty woman chosen from the adoring throng.

Some drivers race because they like it, others because they need the money that big-time motor sport can bring these days.

For instance, Ulf Norinder, is a fabulously wealthy Swede who races because he enjoys it. His slice of the family estate is reputed to be worth £9-million.

An extrovert who wears his fair hair even longer than his bushy beard, Norinder does not see the chequered flag too often. Nevertheless, his black lace shirts, enormous stature, carefree attitude and the most elaborate racing cars money can buy make him one of motor racing's most colourful characters.

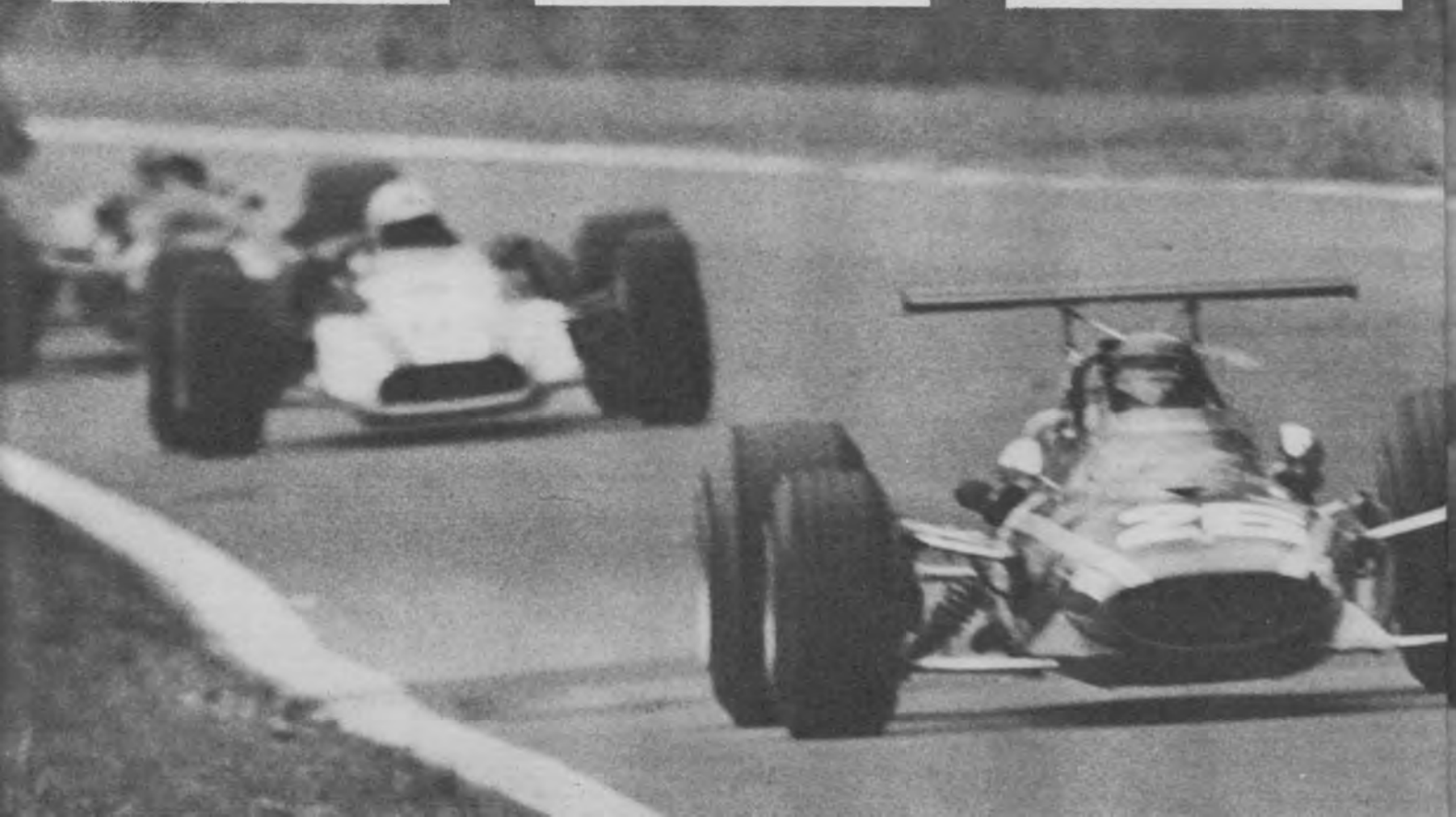
His huge appetite for the good things in life—including the beer he gulps fast enough to drink most people under the table—causes his more disciplined rivals to wince.

Dedicated, first-across-the-finish-line-or-bust professionals lead a tighter life. A couple of glasses of beer the night before might mean the loss of half a second or so a lap in the race—and loss of maybe thousands of pounds in prize money as well.

Physical fitness, diet, rest and elimination of personal tensions play a vital role in the make-up of today's professional driver. Despite this comparatively unglamorous aspect of their private lives, they attract the most beautiful women in every city they visit. To some, having a beautiful woman at their side is as much part of being a racing driver as the car itself.

And that has been the undoing of a number of them, too. One international driver, now retired, hit the big time soon, but quickly found that the advantages were not only monetary.

However, his social life took a toll on his judgment and he had a series of major crashes. A stricter team manager brought his sexual activities



BOYS

These days they're slowing down their pace of living. Overdoing sex and booze can cost a fortune in prize money

by IAN FRASER

back to a more normal level and the driver subsequently got back on to a race-winning streak again.

ALTHOUGH most drivers mix socially—oil company and race promotor contracts demand it—it is not always a big happy family.

Strangely enough, drivers rarely turn to violence on the track itself. That usually waits for hand-to-hand combat when the race is over. Although actual punch-ups do not happen often, heated verbal exchanges are common.

The subject is usually safety: how the actions of one driver endangered the life of another.

Not that this prevents drivers deliberately leading less experienced competitors into traps. A few years ago it was almost the standing joke among the internationals to let a local driver take an early lead and then follow him and hound him into an error which would cause him to spin off the track.

He would then be so far back in the race and so shaken that he would no longer be a problem.

Motor racing is an increasing business-like profession. The cars cost more to build and run, the drivers earn more money than ever before—but they have to travel longer distances more often to get it. The days of a rich amateur are finished, despite a few that remain on the fringe, like Norinder.

Racing drivers are notoriously hard businessmen. Deals are arranged at top level and involve hundreds of thousands of dollars. The problem then is to avoid taxation.

Few top racing drivers live in their home country. The current World Champion, long-haired Scotsman Jackie Stewart, has a fine home in Switzerland. Other drivers have formed family companies in the Bahamas, Panama, the Channel Islands—anywhere there are favourable taxation conditions.

Today's leading racing drivers are in the class of Hollywood actors of 20 years ago—they earn a lot, they spend a lot, and they have a lot in reserve as well.

The big-business approach has also meant the demise of the colourful characters that individualised racing a decade or more ago. The hard-living, hard-driving and hard-drinking types have almost vanished. So have the exotic cars they used on the road to commute from circuit to circuit.

FOR relatively short distances many drivers fly their own executive twin-engine planes as the only means of being able to maintain their driving commitments. Most use international jet flights like you and I would use a bus.

One Italian driver, a successful competitor for many years, used to drive in the Mille Miglia (a now-abandoned 1,000-mile race around Italy) with the aid of a crate of Chianti in the car.

At the end of the race he had usually drunk it all, straight from the bottles uncorked by his presumably nerveless mechanic-cum-co-driver.

Racing drivers tend to marry women who have strong devotion to motor sport and who are prepared to help their husbands as much as possible. Stirling Moss once said that no man had a right to be a racing driver and a husband as well, since the risks involved made it very unfair on the wife. However, he continued to race during his first marriage, and it subsequently broke up.

Moss, when he was at the peak of his career, was an outwardly dedicated professional driver. His rivals, however, tended to poke fun at his unflinchingly straight-line attitude toward his job.

What they failed to realise was that he was the forerunner of today's driver. Significant, too, is the fact that many of his fellow drivers of that era are now dead.

With them have gone most of the wild activities, such as the time when two drivers secretly took a mini car into a leading Lisbon hotel and parked it outside the room of another driver on the second floor.

The same team watching the beginning of the seduction of a pretty young lady by a fellow driver in a hotel lounge, slipped up to his room and stripped it of every item of furniture. The arrival of the couple at the barren bedroom was motor racing's best joke of the year.

The stern, business-like attitude of today's racing does not stop the drivers being nervous.

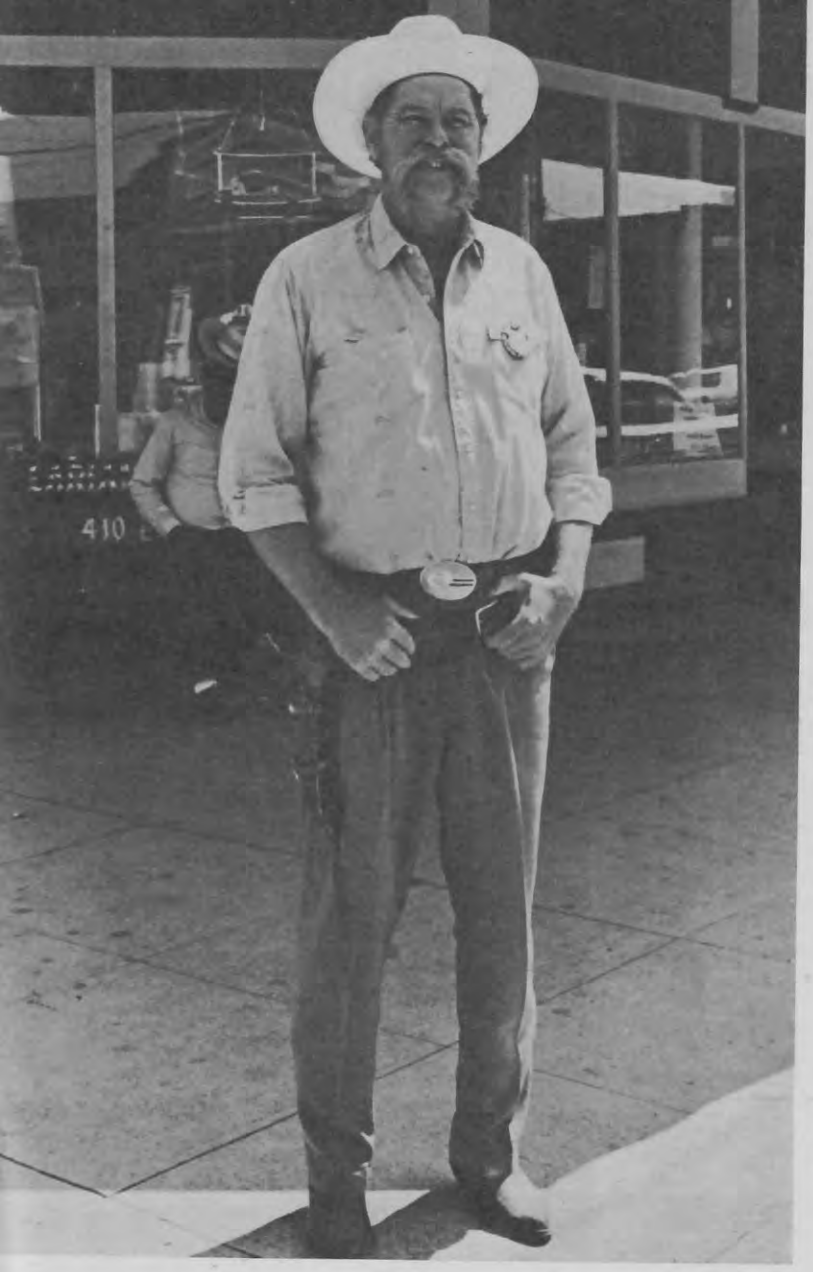
As the race time draws near, they invariably become more introverted and less approachable. Sitting in their cars on the starting line they will adjust the rear-vision mirrors 20 times and wipe their goggles once every 20 seconds as they go through inner torments.

Drivers who appear relaxed and confident will sometimes find a quiet corner five minutes before the race and vomit with a nervousness that does not show outwardly.

Others will reduce themselves to a state of wide-eyed alarm if they cannot find some familiar garment or trinket to take with them in a race.

MOSS habitually raced with number 7 on his car. Graham Hill's helmet bears the colours of the London Rowing Club, and Jackie Stewart has a tartan-banded helmet. Mike Hawthorn had a favourite steering wheel—now in London's Steering Wheel Club—which he took from race car to race car, and would have nothing else. He was killed, not on the track, but on the M1 motorway in an inexplicable crash.

Today's good luck charms for racing drivers are likely to be more practical, though, the best helmet science can provide, proper fireproof clothing, and several carefully attached tags that nominate the driver's blood group and allergies!



TOMBSTONE DRIVES

By Eric Wilkins

THEY call Tombstone, Arizona the town too tough to die. A dusty, nearly deserted place about 100 miles south-west of Tucson, Tombstone is not much more than a main street. The sun's glare bounces back up from the yellow sand and curling wooden sidewalks and pushes the thermometer past the 100 mark around midday.

Old timers sit in the shade and spit tobacco juice at the lizards scuttling across the dusty boards, complaining about the handful of tourists who wander around, Instamatics in hand, searching for bits of history. For Tombstone may not have much, but it does have history.

Wyatt Earp, Boothill, Doc Holliday, Wells Fargo, Bat Masterson, the Gunfight at OK Corral are well known even by those who are not familiar with the history of the Wild West. And Tombstone is where it all happened.

Back in 1877 when Arizona was still a Territory a prospector set out to search for silver in the Apache-infested San Pedro Hills. The soldiers at Fort Huachuca told him, "All you'll find is your tombstone." When that same prospector struck it rich he named his silver claim "Tombstone". News of the rich strike brought other prospectors, miners and fortune-hunters scrambling to the township which sprang up under the name of the mining claim which spawned it . . . Tombstone.

Because of the violence and killing that threatened to engulf the area, the citizens of Tombstone brought in the notorious town-tamer Wyatt Earp as Marshal.

What is probably the best-known of all the gunfights of the old west, the gunfight at OK Corral, took place in Tombstone. The 'Tombstone Epitaph' of Thursday 27th October, 1881 described it as 'Yesterday's Tragedy,' and went on to tell how "Three Men were hurled into eternity in the duration of a moment." The battle was the culmination of a long-standing feud between the Clanton Brothers, Ike and Billy, and Wyatt Earp and his brothers, Virgil and Morgan.

THE Clantons, together with two cronies, Frank and Tom McLaury, confronted Wyatt, his brothers, and their close friend Doc Holliday at the OK Corral and proceeded to shoot it out with them. The result was that Billy Clanton and the two McLaury brothers were killed. Virgil Earp was hit in the leg but kept shooting, while Morgan Earp was wounded and fell. Doc Holliday was shot in the left hip but kept on shooting.

Of Wyatt Earp it was said: "He fired in rapid succession, as cool as a cucumber, and was not hit." Many people are unaware that the hero of Tombstone, Marshal Wyatt Earp,

1878
WELCOME
TO
BOOTHILL
GRAVEYARD
BURIED HERE ARE THE REMAINS OF:
TOM McLAURY
FRANK McLAURY
BILLY CLANTON
KILLED IN EARP-CLANTON BATTLE OCT. 26, 1881.
DAN DOWD, RED SAMPLE, BILL DeLANEY, DAN KELLY & TEX HOWARD HANGED LEGALLY BY J.E. WARD, SHERIFF, FOR BISBEE MASSACRE MAR. 8, 1884.
JOHN HEATH LYNCHED BY BISBEE MOB FEB. 22, 1884.
MR. PEEL MURDERED IN CHARLESTON MARCH 8, 1882.
GEO. JOHNSON HANGED BY MISTAKE.
DUTCH ANNIE, INDIAN BILL, QUONG KEE, CHARLEY STORMS, LES MOORE, MASHAL WHITE, 3 FINGERED JACK DUNLAP, BRONCO CHARLEY, RED RIVER TOM SHOT BY ORMSBY.

MARSHAL A FORD

Above: They still wait for that gunfight in the main street at Tombstone. Below: "Make your play, but make sure it's a good one. You ain't got time for a second shot." Reconstruction of the gunfight at the OK Corral.

died as recently as 1929 and is buried in a small town cemetery in California.

I spoke to the present Marshal of Tombstone, Everitt Brownsey, a big shambling man with a drooping walrus moustache and a six-gun slung low on his hip. He has three deputies to help him out, but by all accounts there's not much to do these days in Tombstone except write out parking tickets.

"Being Marshal here's a real easy job," Brownsey told me, sticking his thumbs into his gunbelt. "I'm mighty proud to be following in the footsteps of Wyatt Earp. He was a great town-tamer . . . but fortunately Tombstone is a nice, quiet town these days. There's only 1,200 people live here, ya know."

The Marshal who is not averse to joining visitors for a drink in one of the town's several saloons, pushed open the swing doors of the Alhambra on Allen Street and introduced me to one of his Deputies, also sporting a droopy Earp-style moustache and six-gun.

I asked the Deputy if they still rode horses to go about their duties. He smiled and shook his head. "Nope. We use Fords these days," he replied. I asked him if he ever had occasion to use his gun. "Nope. But on Saturdays I wear my old levis and instead of wearing this standard-issue gunbelt," he patted the gun at his waist, "I strap on my low-strung job, jest like the Marshal's here, and tie it round my leg. The tourists really like that, you betcha!"

I left the two lawmen and the cool darkness of the Alhambra Saloon and stepped out into the blinding glare of Allen Street, Tombstone's main thoroughfare. To my right a few yards away stood the OK Corral. "Walk Where They Fell" proclaimed a sign hanging outside. I went on past Johnny Ringo's bar and The Lucky Cuss Saloon, and paused outside the Crystal Palace where Wyatt Earp used to run a faro game. His brother Virgil was gunned down in the street outside.

A few more steps brought me to the Oriental Steak House through whose doors have walked some of the Southwest's most picturesque gunfighters, and where Wyatt Earp owned 25 per cent of the gambling deal. Bat Masterson and Luke Short used to deal faro here, and Mr. Short killed Charley Storms inside.

CROSS the main street to the Wells Fargo office and if you look carefully you can see the bullet holes in the tin sign hanging outside. A little farther down the other side of Allen Street is another plaque informing us that this is where Wyatt Earp played his lone hand against a lynch mob of 300 in 1881 and saved his prisoner, Johnny - behind - the-Deuce. Down on Toughnut Street is the Wyatt Earp Museum.

A short walk away, west along Fremont Street, is Boothill. Many Western towns had a Boothill, but this is *the* Boothill, a bleak and wind-swept mound whose rock-strewn graves are overgrown with thornbush and cactus. Buried here are the two McLaury Brothers and Billy Clanton, together with many others, nearly all of them outlaws and desperadoes.

Tombstone is a quiet, peaceful little town . . . now. But the smell of the Old West is still strong in the air.

"I'm beginning to regret asking for flesh-toned walls, Mr. Firth."

ONE WHALE of a CRIME

THE police were completely baffled. Bulldozers, steam-rollers, dumpers, even cranes, were being stolen from building sites all over the country. No-one realised such items of equipment were being stolen, until they were missing. Intensive investigation failed to find a clue where the million-pounds-worth of stolen items had gone, until an underworld tip-off told police the equipment was being sent to the Middle East where sheiks were paying good money for them and no questions asked. The bulldozers, etc., were got out of the country simply by dismantling them and putting the pieces in wooden crates marked "heavy machinery" and then reassembling them when they arrived at their destination.

Highly organised thieves can steal anything and it does not have to be small to up, out and dispose of efficiently and often very simply.

In 1967 a Staffordshire council official went to a council site and found it vacant where three pre-fabricated bungalows had previously stood for twenty years. No-one again had noticed or seen anything out of the ordinary—just some "workmen" dismantling some empty prefabs.

"I'd like to donate a pint of my husband's blood!"

The official commented "It seems nothing is safe from thieves any more. Not even houses."

Sometimes the heavyweight crooks make hard labour for themselves. One proud house owner awoke not long ago to find his carefully tended lawn had been cut into sections during the night and carried off. Near Nottingham a 10-ton haystack, made up of 500 bales, vanished overnight.

In darkness thieves ripped up a mile of steel railway track in Ohio, U.S., cut it into small lengths and had the nerve next day to drive it to a local scrapyard where the dealer paid them £300 for it.

Strongmen thieves dismantled a 30-foot wooden bridge which spanned Blair's Creek, Pennsylvania, placed it aboard two lorries and drove off with it. Although it must have taken them several hours of hard work none of the people who gathered to watch had thought anything was wrong or queried the bridge removal.

In France, two men were arrested and charged with stealing a 100-foot tall chimney stack from a disused factory. Admitting it, they explained they had sold the bricks to building firms.

In Bengal, India, crooks broke into a library and not only took all the thousands of books but also the shelves and cupboards which held them.

A burglar who hauled away a half-ton safe from the office of a south coast firm wasted his time and sweat. When he opened it all he found inside was a single threepenny bit in the cash box.

To prove the light-fingered boys will take anything, a live whale weighing over 50 tons was stolen from a railway truck in the U.S.A. The specially constructed tank with its enormous contents vanished one night without trace.

TAKE THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

WHEN you first hear the name, you feel inclined to sympathise with the folks who live in Poverty Hole. It sounds like a place where hardly anyone can pay their way or make ends meet.

Actually it is a pretty village in Pembrokeshire, the inhabitants of which are quite as prosperous as even those living in the Northumberland village of Make-em-Rich.

Britain abounds in quaintly named hamlets and small townships. Talk of a third airport for London has made the name of Foulness, in Essex, a household word. Nothing like so well known, Essex also boasts an Ugley and a Sewer's End. All three of these are quite the reverse of what their names imply.

In Hampshire you can get to Nowhere, whilst in Cambridgeshire you can reach Anywhere when you will be about five miles away from No Hurry.

Several names have money involved in them in some way or other. Thus can be found Farthingland (Northants), Broadhalfpenny Down (Hants), Penny Town (Derbyshire), Sixpenny Handley (Dorset) and Shillingford (Oxfordshire).

No doubt some of these strange names owe their origins to events long since forgotten; many more started through peculiarities of local pronunciation. In the latter category comes a North Devon village Okeford-Fitzpaine, which with the passing of time has become known as Okeford-Five-Penny, Fivepenny Hockford and is now called Fippeny-Hockford.

Some names, though they are centuries old, still sound almost flippant. There is, for instance, Drunken Duck in Cumberland, while Northampton boasts its Nobottle and Somerset outdoes all rivals with the hamlet of Dead Woman's Bottom.

Two very appropriate names belong to two small hamlets with grey stone roofs right off the beaten track. Hardly ever does a stranger even pass near to the two of them, much less pay a visit. So that the names of Seldom Seen and Never Seen are most apt.

In the case of the last two named, there seems a reasonable possibility that the location of the villages explains their names. But no such factor explains the presence in Pembrokeshire of Light-A-Pipe. And, unless the famous Lady Godiva appeared in places other than Coventry, how did another Pembroke village get its name of Stark Naked? No local historian has so far been able to provide an answer to this intriguing riddle.

The list of strange names is almost endless. Great Bigcracksm in Essex; He Has Water, in Cornwall, Boozer's Pit, in Cornwall again; Old Wives Lees, in Kent; Twitty Fee, in Essex, and so by way of Little Snoring, in Sussex, to one of the most appropriate of all.

A sleepy, peaceful, East Riding hamlet, cut off from the outside world except for one road which comes to an abrupt end, has no trains, buses or telephones. It is called, simply, Land of Nod.

"Aw come on, you might as well, everyone will think we did anyway."

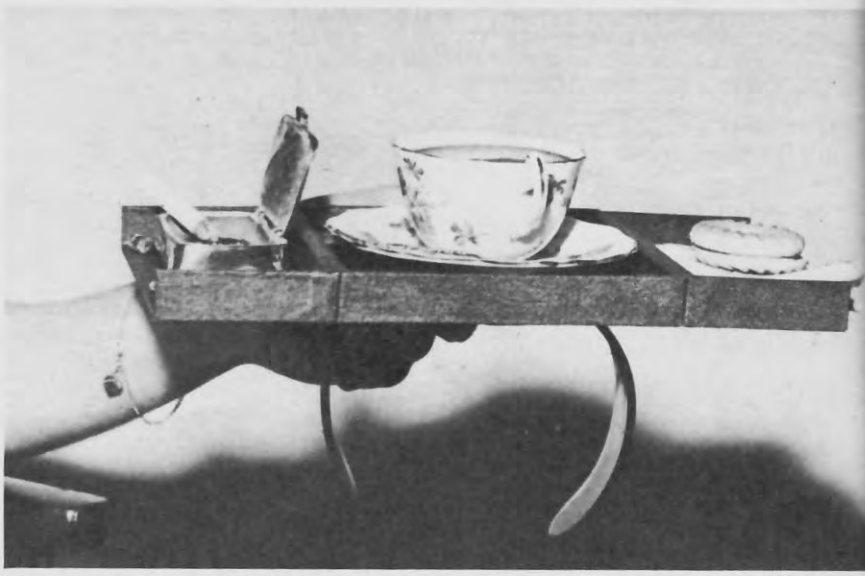
Cossack men's hairdressing. It goes straight to your head.

Five seconds.
That's how long Cossack's clear,
clean aerosol spray needs to do its job.
To keep a man's hair looking
just how he wants it to look.

WHAT'S THE

A LITTLE ASHURANCE

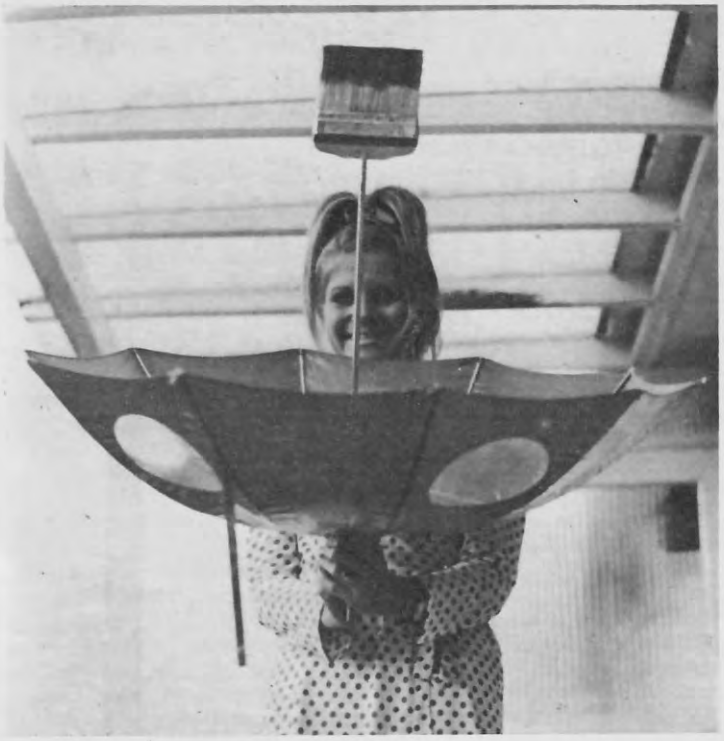
Any cigarette lovin' hubby must have heard those words at one time or another. When the wife turns round and says "Don't drop cigarette ash over the carpet, dear" or "Don't drop cigarette ash over the new furniture, dear" or even perhaps, "Don't drop cigarette ash over dear, dear". So what's a man got to do? Either give up smoking, or lock himself in the little room every time he reaches for his packet of 20 King size. Now, in this case, the better half has solved this problem in the way you see. There's only trouble when he bends down to pick up the newspaper.



THIS TAKES THE BISCUIT

It has often been said, and all males know that there is some truth in this, that a woman can carry absolutely anything in her handbag, but we didn't realise just how far they would go. In this case the little woman has solved the prickly problem that one often faces at one of those very twee cocktail parties, where you are expected to hold bag, gloves, glass of sherry and plate of assorted hors d'oevres, and still carry on an intelligent conversation. But let's face it, this little gadget may be practical, but it's not half as interesting as watching the ladies do the balancing act.

BIG IDEA?



PLAN FOR A SMEAR CAMPAIGN

So why didn't anyone think of it before, it seems such a simple idea. Simply put a few cellophane windows in your old worn-out umbrella, turn it upside down with paint brush attached, and away you go. As the adverts might say, no mess, no washing up, and no need to change. You can have the whole lounge done before the Browns pop in for a late afternoon tea and biccy.

But wait a moment, we think we've found one tiny little snag. The trouble begins when you have to dip that paint brush into the pot, and if you've been a little too liberal with the paint, you may find it slopping over the edge of your invention onto that beautiful clean new carpet. Ah, well, back to the drawing board.

THE HIPPIE ON

DELIBERATELY ignoring the gin and the whisky, he pulled on an honest pint of English beer and regarded some of his more ardent fans through a pair of John Lennon-style spectacles.

Peter Fonda, new high priest of the hippy generation, was in town . . .

Fonda had come to Britain to be judged —as a man, as a film-maker and, in his own words, "as a bit of a philosopher."

Don't be deceived by that name Fonda. Certainly, he's the son of Henry and the brother of Jane. But there's none of their sleek sophistication about Peter.

The only thing he shares with his father is a quality of being withdrawn of giving only a little of himself to the world at a time.

The film-maker? Unless you're a complete recluse, it has positively been thrust in front of your nose over the last few months that Peter Fonda has made a film called "*Easy Rider*".

It's about two hippies making their way across the United States—and not always liking what they find there.

The puzzling thing about Peter Fonda is that though he's been taken up by the hippy generation and dresses the part, he doesn't give the impression of going all the way with the drop-out's view of life.

In London, he stayed at one of the conventional hotels where just about every Hollywood star checks in.

He's got a business sense which would impress any Wall Street broker even if his clothes didn't. "*Easy Rider* cost 375,000 dollars," he'll announce crisply. "In the United States, it's averaging a figure which tells me it will make 25 million."

His kiss was a knock-out!

WHEN Johnny Heines kissed his girl in a car parked in a leafy lane near Wurzburg, it proved a kiss in a million. For Johnny fainted with sheer emotion—and slumped unconscious in his girl's arms for so long that she had to summon aid. The queer thing was that Johnny couldn't remember how the kissing began. In fact, he recalled nothing of the evening until he woke up in hospital.

Such knock-out kisses are rare, though a redhead teacher in an Atlanta state school had to be transferred to a quieter library job, so decisive was her emotional impact on her pupils. She was only 19—and no fewer than five husky youngsters, aged 15 to 17, blacked out after kissing her. The official explanation puts the blame on mass hysteria. The passionate pupils blacked out, in fact, because that's just what they expected. But what's to explain the wave of amnesia—loss of memory—after handsome actor Rock Hudson had lectured a class at Los Angeles University? No fewer than eleven youngsters were treated for nervous tension, involving loss of memory. And there's personality impact for you!

Yet it could happen to anyone, any time. The Leicester police were recently involved, for instance, when pretty Joyce Plowman drove into the forest one evening and settled down with a good thriller. When she came round, she found that a frantic hunt had been going on for her. It was a day later than she thought. While reading the book she had suffered a 24-hour lapse of memory.

Perhaps it would have been better if these passionate souls had committed their explosive natures to words, but even then, there can be problems.

A Hamburg detective opened a cupboard and an avalanche of love letters poured out. The amorous missives came from all over the world. Thirty-six bundles were ultimately ranged before a judge when their owner was accused of making money by answering "lonely heart" advertisements. Over 800 love letters were read to the court to prove his guilt.

All but three offered to pay his fare in arranging a meeting.

Only the other day the Dental Council in London investigated the instance of a dentist who "pestered a woman" by sending her a torrent of 800 love letters. The correspondence contained over a million words—the length of about 20 crime novels. People certainly take pains with their pens when they fall in love.

One love-lorn lad sent a passionate letter or telegram to a young girl every day for five years. The only result was that magistrates bound him over not to send any more. One of the most costly letters only ran to 57 words. But the phrasing led to £8,000 damages in a breach of promise action.

Probably New York's Jack Clayton and an Essex girl kept up the longest love correspondence. They became pen friends before World War One and wrote to each other daily. After 25 years they arranged a meeting, but both were too shy to keep the appointment. Yet their correspondence continued—and ended only when Jack, aged 83, got married to another woman last year.

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WITH MONEY HIS MIND

By JUDITH REGAN

"I found a pair of strange shoes under my wife's bed yesterday—talk about luck, they fit me perfectly!"

Yet in the same breath, Peter will tell you: "Money's a drag. It gets between you and life. There's only one dirty word in my vocabulary and that's security."

He talks about the pre-1965 days as his acceptance-of-the-rule period. "I don't accept the rules now," he says. "I admit I smoke grass, but what's wrong with that? It's not important."

Just when you're tempted to dismiss him as another hung-up member of his generation—Messiah's haircut, Mexican moustache and all—he'll suddenly say. "Do you want to see some pictures of Susan and the kids?"

He married Susan in 1965. Brigit is five-years-old and Justin three. In the photographs they look like any nice ordinary family from the richer suburbs. The Fondas live in Beverly Hills.

Yet, judging by his career, it's clean-cut conformism which Peter has tried to leave behind.

"I did play in one of the "*Tammy*" pictures with Sandra Dee," he'll tell you with a mild shudder. And there certainly wasn't anything madly controversial in his roles in "*The Victors*" and something called "*Lilith*" with Jean Seberg.

THEN Peter switched course and made two pictures that have bothered British watch committees—both about motorcycles and called "*The Wild Angels*" and "*The Trip*".

"*Easy Rider*"? It shows two young men who, in Peter Fonda's words, find America today. The film synopsis talks about freedom being the subject of the picture—"the freedom longed for by so many young people today".

Tackle Peter Fonda on this and he says: "I want to shoot down this idea that freedom is running round on a motorcycle smoking dope."

Yet this is what his film seems to be about.

The switch to the hippy-cult has certainly paid off. "When I was doing the small bits in the movies and the name Peter Fonda came up on the screen, the kids used to do the 1930's bobby-soxing bit and I got the sort of fan mail my father was used to before I was born.

"Now I get a hundred times more letters and not all of them from fans. A lot of people are tortured and unhappy and don't want to commit suicide. And a lot tell me I've broken my father's heart. Some say I am a disgrace to America, and a Communist.

"My father? He's a gentle, tolerant man. He looks at me sometimes and shakes his head and says I'm not his scene, but we get on well and we respect each other."

Whether he's actually playing a part because his fans have cast him in it, or whether he's really at ease in the twilight world of the hippy isn't easy to determine.

"It all began with "*The Wild Angels*", he admits. "Someone made a poster of me, along with Che Guevara and Castro. That's the sign of having arrived, man. I became a sort of sub-cult hero."

NOW thirty, Peter Fonda realises a bit uneasily that the generation who make up his fans may drift away in search of other heroes. But he says he remains on the side of young people and believes the trouble with their elders is that they try and keep their children from life.

"Of course, I don't preach to my children that freedom is riding about on a motorcycle smoking grass," he says. "And I've no message for the world. I speak for myself and my friends. That's all."

The things which really steam him up, he says, are cruelty and thoughtlessness—particularly to animals.

"There used to be a lot of baby pelicans in my home state," he said. "Then a lot of stupid apes came along and sprayed the land with chemicals. The birds died. I hate that."

Dressed conspicuously in blue jeans, red-patterned shirt and a brown suede jacket with a badge portraying himself on the lapel, he looked every inch a hippy.

At least, until he said: "The film is going to gross a lot of money in Texas. I really must look at the figures . . ."

STARS By Tzigane

ARIES (March 21-April 20)
Refreshing new trends are moulding your life, and you are destined to get a notable lift both socially and as regards personal resources. Nothing can really mar this better phase except your own doubts that it is true.

TAURUS (April 21-May 21)
A few gains are probable in speculation, social contacts, and perhaps your emotional relationships, but in much of your routine affairs things will be dull, and normally minor, easy tasks, exasperatingly difficult.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)
It is to be hoped that you aren't unwilling to take risks with your cash because there will be some chancy opportunities to take a nice profit, though it must be admitted that the signs are confused and the certainty of success is not too clear.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)
Quite a favourable time; indeed, the best week since your birthday. It favours making changes in job and any money-making sideline you may have. To ensure that things turn out as desired it will help to consult a subject of Aries.

LEO (July 24-August 23)
Travel will be necessary during the week, on duty rather than pleasure, though the eventual result could be some desirable social contacts maturing in the future. Due to your journeying, expenses will be heavier than normal.

VIRGO (August 24-September 23)
Much change hovers around your life, most of it concerned with making things livelier and more interesting. Most important is the suggestion for those who are single and under 25 that this period will be looked back on as the starting time of romance and eventual marriage.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23)
This week interest should be focused on domestic and personal matters. These will merit more attention than your career or social activities. Careful moves will be needed in handling family problems.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)
All signs suggest this will be a happy, agreeable period though without much of note occurring. The benefits will come from the easy way you get through routine jobs and because a worry you thought imminent just fades away.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)
There may be a strong temptation to speculate with your reserves of cash because an acquaintance is convincingly optimistic about the profits to be made. This could be true, but a most careful check on the facts of the investment should be made.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)
A routine week when special efforts to make it exciting and notable would be a waste of time. It will be best spent tackling neglected tasks and making definite plans.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)
This is a rather disturbed period when your thoughts and feelings will be liable to quixotic changes. As a result, loved ones and friends may become wary of your moodiness and tend to leave you to your own devices.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)
Hostile tendencies could cloud over the early part of the week, caused mainly by the jealous intrigues of an acquaintance. But this unfortunate phase should clear away by Tuesday night, and thereafter conditions steadily improve, culminating in a week-end promising a personally satisfying experience.

THIS GIRL SUE IS NO BIRD BRAIN

WHEN someone turns round and tells you that Sue White was once a poultry buyer, do you suddenly get the feeling that she may be the hen-pecking sort? Well, you couldn't be more wrong. For after all, if we were to take this sort of thing to its logical conclusion, that could mean that anyone working in a sewer, would be considered a rat, those following the honourable profession of dentistry would all be bores, and anyone involved in books might be a bit of a worm.

But of course this argument, also runs in the opposite direction. Not all successful beauticians are beautiful, not all doctors are healthy, and have you noticed that some of our best engineering brains couldn't fit a kitchen shelf to save their lives?

So let's get back to Sue who started this whole thing off in the first place, and be thankful that things are not quite as we might expect them, but we must be careful to remember that it is the routine and everyday, that sets the scene for the unconventional and way-out.

For let's face it, would you exactly jump for joy, if you were told by a frantic friend that you were going to meet a poultry buyer? Your possible reaction would be to give him a quizzical look and make some remark about a previous engagement with a ledger clerk working for a candle export firm.

So don't be put off by the label on the goods. It's what's inside the package that counts, which in this case is 37-23-36.

PARADE
SUE WHITE

PARADE

SUE WHITE

THE BOTTLES ARE SPIRITED AWAY-BUT WILL THE GERMANS SWALLOW IT?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

In the isolated hill town of Northern Italy, Santa Vittoria, the war has no significance until the death of Mussolini in April, 1945. Then the townsfolk get rid of the Mayor, Copa, and his Fascist cronies, and appoint Bombolini, a happy-go-lucky drunkard, the town's first citizen. Soon a student, Fabio, lover of Bombolini's daughter Angela, arrives to report the retreating German army is scheduled to occupy the town and commandeer its resources; these are bottles of wine—more than a million of them.

BOMBOLINI's first reaction to the problem of preventing the Germans taking the wine was to seek the advice of his betters—and that meant talking to the Countess Caterina. When he got to her house he found Caterina engaged in tending the wounded army deserter Tufa, who seemed very much better and rather enjoying the blanket bath his aristocratic nurse was giving him.

On being told of the crisis the Countess had a simple solution. "Give your wine to the Nazis. By the time they've drunk it the war will be over."

Bombolini looked pained. "Countess," he said, "without our wine we are nothing." He turned to Tufa, who'd worked on the vines and knew of the dimensions of the coming disaster, and begged for advice.

Tufa pondered. "There's only one place where you could hide a million bottles: the old Roman underground workings. Hide them there in such a way that all the Germans will see is an empty cave."

Tufa went on to remind Bombolini that long tunnels spread out from the entrance cave, excavated centuries before by the Romans. "Put the bottles in the tunnels, brick up the entrances, and the Nazis will just see an interesting, but unimportant cave once used by the Romans."

The idea seemed splendid. Bombolini hurried back to the town and reported to his Council of Ministers. They were as enthusiastic as he, and soon the people were summoned to bring their carts, their mules, and their donkeys, and to start loading the bottles.

Within an hour all was complete confusion. The warehouse was jam-packed with men removing bottles; the street outside a seething mass of carts, draught animals and bickering people. It was even worse at the cave where men going in with armfuls of bottles had to push their way past others coming out of the narrow tunnels. There were quarrels, bottles got smashed, and only a few thousand bottles had been stored away after all the work and argument.

Tufa, his wounds properly bandaged, arrived with Caterina to see how things were progressing. He quickly took in the situation and called Bambolini aside to give some advice. The Mayor listened, gave a shout of admiration, and rushed off to the square to call a town meeting. There he reported on Tufa's plan.

It was simple, really. Every man, woman and child in the place should form long lines between warehouse and cave. One by one, bottles would be passed from hand to hand. Soon Bombolini was announcing the new scheme to the people, and men, women and children took up their positions.

The lines stretched along the street, through the square, down the road to the town gate, along the highway into the valley, and then up the hill to the cave. Hour after hour the bottles were passed from hand to hand. Darkness came, and still the work went on, the ruby red bottles flickering in the light of the oil torches stuck at the side of the route.

Tufa knew the pace could not be kept up. He told Bambolini to reduce the original four lines to three, and later to two. Thus a proportion of the handlers could always be resting, but the operation would never stop. He also formed a squad of the old women and young children to pick up any bottles which were dropped and broken; there must not be any tell-tale clues for the Germans to discover.

Every hour the town bugler blew a mighty blast for a five minutes rest. Two blasts started the bottles moving again.

Bombolini had never worked so hard in his life. Even his wife felt sympathetic, and brought him a plate of steaming casserole.

He thanked her and then grew mournful. "We're going to leave a few thousand bottles in the warehouse for the Germans to steal, but they'll realise we must have more somewhere. I'm the Mayor, no? So when I spit in their faces in answer to their questions they'll put a pistol to my head and blow out my brains!"

His wife Rosa laughed. "Why would they put a pistol to your head? The whole world knows Bombolini's brains are in his arse." Her adoring eyes betrayed her. What a man her husband had turned out to be after all . . . But she'd no intention of letting him know her real feelings.

FOUR days and three nights later, just an hour before the scouting squads of the occupying troops were due, the last bottle had been stacked away in the tunnel and the last bricks and rubble placed over the mouth of the last tunnel to be used for storage.

Bombolini and his Ministers then went to their homes to put on their best clothes and await the German army.

When it arrived it was almost disappointingly unimpressive. The Santa Vittorians, massed in the town square, with their Mayor on the steps of the town hall, surrounded by his Council, watched a motor cycle and side car, accompanied by a couple of armoured trucks, arrive in the square and pull up. Behind the little group came a 20mm. mounted gun. That was all the German generals could muster.

The officer in the sidecar, wearing the badges of a Captain, alighted, took off his cap, and dipped his hand in the water of the fountain to bathe his face. Bombolini strode majestically towards him.

"Welcome to the free city of Santa Vittoria," he said. "We in this city know that in times of war er . . . Certain things . . ." His voice tailed off. He didn't really know anything he felt like saying.

The Captain snapped out his own name. "I am Captain Von Prum. Who are you?"

"Italo Bombolini, sir; Mayor."

Von Prum eyed him with an amused, contemptuous smile. "So you're the Mayor, eh? Well, Mayor, I must tell you that this town and the surrounding region for a radius of thirty kilometres are from this moment under German occupation."

"Ah, captain, sir, I understand perfectly, sir," said Bombolini unctuously. "If I may offer you the hospitality of our ancient and historic town hall. . . ."

But Von Prum wasn't interested. He commandeered a house, giving the owners fifteen minutes to get out. He then announced that the town would be under curfew from 9 p.m.

A Parade Serialisation of the United Artists release

THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA

starring

Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani

Produced and directed by

Stanley Kramer

Santa Vittoria's citizens have only one thought—to make sure the wine does not go to the Germans, heads!

to sunrise, and ordered a meal to be prepared. "With wine, of course," he added. "The local wine will do."

With curfew preventing any movement, the Mayor and Council kept in the town hall and had a hectic discussion. The Ministers were sarcastic about Bombolini's creeping politeness to the Germans. But Bombolini insisted he wasn't being a coward.

"We can't afford martyrs in Santa Vittoria," he said. "As long as the Germans are here, and to save our wine, our policy is butter on their noses. When they push, we give. They go on pushing, we go on giving. Brave men and good wine—they don't last long. Better this way. . . ."

The co-operative attitude of Bombolini paid off. At an interview next morning Von Prum expressed his satisfaction with the obedient behaviour of the people and promised that so long as things continued so peaceably, Bombolini would be permitted to retain his office of Mayor. The German then went on to demand a report on the town's possessions—everything had to be listed, houses, property, animals, food stores, savings—and the amount of wine. "I require this information in forty-eight hours," Von Prum ended.

Bombolini managed to compile the necessary figures just in time. Von Prum's especial interest appeared to be as regards the wine. Bombolini's figure was 310,000 bottles, the number deliberately left in the warehouse for the Germans to steal.

Von Plum glowered. "Bombolini, you are lying! My sergeant Traub has counted them. His figure is 317,601."

Bombolini repeated the figure. "That proves I'm not lying," he said. "If I was going to lie I wouldn't lie for just seven thousand bottles, would I? That would be stupid."

The argument worked, and Von Prum laughed. "Yes, that would be stupid," he agreed. "Now I am going to tell you something. The German authorities are going to take some of your wine."

Bombolini's reaction was a magnificent act. He appeared to have some kind of fit, kicking and screaming as he writhed on the floor. "Our wine, to take our wine!" he moaned. "I beg you, tell me it's a joke."

Von Prum was alarmed. He feared the man was going to pass out or go insane. "There will be a proportion. The amount is negotiable. Say twenty per cent."

"Horrible," moaned Bombolini, "you take twenty per cent of our wine?"

"You misunderstand. We take eighty per cent and you keep twenty."

All Bombolini's peasant cunning was aroused. This was something he understood—haggling over a deal. He managed to persuade Von Prum to see if his superiors would agree to fifty per cent.

After that there was a tactical error. When the German troops began removing the wine none of the populace seemed particularly upset.

Bombolini's explanation that all Italians were naturally optimistic and happy didn't completely banish Von Prum's suspicion that there was some trickery about. He tried to content himself with the belief that the people were being smugly pleased because they'd managed to hide a few hundred bottle somewhere. . . .

Gradually both the citizens and the handful of Germans settled down with one another in something approaching mutual tolerance. When Fabio was discovered making love to Angela in the middle of the night, and honour demanded that the couple be married, the Germans attended the wedding in full dress uniform and participated in the ensuing celebrations.

AND Von Prum, having invited himself to dinner with the Countess Caterina, discovered that they had a lot in common. Unfortunately their tete-à-tete was interrupted. Von Prum's corporal arrived with disturbing news.

Lieutenant Scheer and two military interrogators had just arrived in the town. They were in the black uniform of the S.S. Scheer desired to see the Captain immediately. It appeared that Santa Vittoria was guilty of sabotage against the authority of the Third Reich.

Records of the aperitif distillery near Turin had been examined. They indicated that the returns provided by Von Prum were hopelessly inaccurate. In fact they failed to account for four-fifths of the known reserves of wine stored in Santa Vittoria.

(To be concluded next week in Parade.)

Could You be a Peridromophilist?

by JOHN DONALD

VICTOR MUSGRAVE, poet, painter, and gallery owner, once put a show on at his Mayfair gallery in London—a show of manhole covers Mr. Musgrave hangs these iron lumps of Victorian Britain on his walls.

But when the magpie instinct bites—and takes hold—it often results in collections of much more unusual objects than manholes. For instance, when relatives of Monsieur Jules Pepeont, a Paris tailor, visited his premises after his death in 1954 they were astonished to find at the rear of the shop, dozens of pairs of ancient trousers, carefully suspended on separate hangers with a dust bag over each. None of the trousers had been mended or cleaned and many looked decidedly shabby.

The key to the mystery was found in a notebook which revealed that the tailor had been an enthusiastic collector of trousers of famous men. He had breeches worn by Alexandre Dumas, Marat, General de Gaulle, Johann Strauss, the Emperor Franz Joseph, Count Zeppelin, Lord Nelson and President Roosevelt!

Do you realise that the bus ticket you drop carelessly might be a collector's piece to some "peridromophilist" visiting Britain from abroad?

What is a peridromophilist?

Simply the chap whose life hobby is collecting tickets—preferably tickets of every kind.

One of the most notable men who found that this hobby was just the ticket was Mr. J. Reinohl, a Londoner vice-president of the Peridromophilic Society of Los Angeles. With his brother he amassed the world's most comprehensive collection of tickets—over 125,000 filling 160 large volumes.

The collection, now housed at London's Institute of Transport, includes tickets, bills, time-tables, notices and postcards of all the world's transport systems.

Britain has its Ticket and Fare Collection Society whose members travel far and wide in search of specimens.

Rivals to the peridromophists are the "philumenists" or collectors of matchbox labels, who have almost as wide a field to philatelists, better known as stamp collectors. For instance, Sweden alone has issued more than 40,000 different labels.

One of the British "kings" in this realm is a Margate, Kent, man who, after over 40 years of collecting, has amassed more than 23,000 labels. His hobby began at seven. Among his "finds" are labels commemorating the Great Exhibition of 1851 and those personally used by Hitler, Mussolini, Eva Peron, President Eisenhower and King Farouk. His collection also includes hundreds of complete boxes of matches, some dating back as far as 1832.

Ironically he never uses a match. His pipe is kept going by a lighter—and in the kitchen his wife uses a gas pistol!

There is a parallel here with a Chiswick, Middlesex ex-Colonel whose 16-room house holds 150,000,000 cigarette cards, claimed to be the world's record collection. It is said to weigh 200 tons and to be worth many thousands of pounds (rare cards are worth £15 or more). The cards date from 1790 and vary in size from fractions of an inch square to several feet. He does not smoke!

"I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't a work song he was singing all day long!"

Freak collections are sometimes completely valueless—like the array of bottles of water from different rivers; the set of cobwebs carefully sandwiched between glass sheets; and the pile of chippings from newly-laid foundation-stones. A few years ago a French banker spent a small fortune collecting 63,000 cigar bands. When his lifetime's collection was auctioned, it realized about sixpence!

THEY'RE UP TO SCRATCH

How's your shaving record? A Liverpool lad wrote to a razor firm the other day pointing out that he was still using the same safety razor used by his father and grandfather before him, but 90-year-old Jerry Griggs has used the same old-fashioned cut-throat for over 75 years and it was a hand-down from his Dad before him.

In testing new steel alloys a young Londoner used the same stainless steel razor blade for five years three months. A Chicago inventor, Josh Molloy, patented an electric razor back in 1918—and he is still using it, claiming that it's the best on the market. In one of the suburbs of Rome workmen recently dug up a razor used in the time of the Caesars 2,000 years ago—and found that it still gave a good shave.

Serving a life sentence, a Dartmoor prisoner has had the same blade issued to him—for ten minutes a day—every day for the past eight years. Honed against the fleshy part of his hand, he hopes to take it out to civil life with him when he's freed. Allergic to steel, a Yorkshire doctor uses a razor-blade specially made of crystal—and finds that it shaves smoothly for a year before he has to have it reset and honed. In Chicago, criminologist Dr Aston Edwards has made a special collection of razors that have killed, many rusty with bloodstains. Cut-throat type razors still feature in murder trials, but razor-edge suicides are now rare.

Ever had a narrow shave? A razor blade only an eighth of an inch wide is specially made for surgical use.

BLINKING GIVE AWAY!

WHICH parties had the most nervous candidates in the General Election? A group of London University psychologists kept a sharp watch on their nose-scratching, lip-licking, ear-twitching and quick blinking as revealed on TV—but as yet they haven't published their findings!

According to a Harvard University spotting team, celebrities constantly give themselves away under the eye of the camera, for the number of eye blinks a minute indicate the precise degree of nervousness. Too much blinking can point to a grave mental neurosis—unless you've grit in your eye!—and murder suspects have often given the first clue to their guilt by blinking during an identity parade. In a recent assault case, the thug was identified by his habit of constantly blinking—and he's now serving a blinking gaol sentence.

Head-scratching is both a symptom of worry and stress. A man discloses doubt if he rests his fingers in the cleft of his chin—but a girl can't decide between 'Yes' and 'No' when she smooths a finger around her face. The boy who wears glasses and constantly adjusts them to the bridge of his nose is thought by scientists to be cold and calculating. The lad who looks at a lass over his glasses is invariably in an economical frame of mind!

All these facts are not to be blinked at. The more interesting a girl finds you, the less she blinks her eyes!

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF 'MAC'

HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACE!
LISTEN HERE, MAC. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE... ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL SEND FOR HIS BOOK
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES BULGE OUT NOW!
THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD. WELL IT'S MY TURN THIS TIME!
WHAM! - NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
OH MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

I TRADE *NEW* BODIES FOR OLD!

JUST TELL ME IN THE COUPON THE KIND OF BODY YOU WANT—AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET IT!

WOULDN'T YOU like to be able to 'pick-out' the kind of body you want—trade in skin and bone or flab and fat for powerful SOLID MUSCLE exactly where you need it?

You name it—in JUST SEVEN DAYS I'll show you how you can get it! You'll have new pep, new stamina, new self-confidence, new friends. YOU'LL be the husky who gets there first with the most when it comes to job promotion, better pay and the prettiest girl!

SAYS *Charles Atlas*

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC-TENSION"! That's the ticket! The very same natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present physique! I give you no gadgets. No contraptions.

"DYNAMIC-TENSION" simply utilizes the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—quickly turns it into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE. **"DYNAMIC-TENSION"** is so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of **"DYNAMIC-TENSION"** almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over and even just sitting—to BUILD THE KIND OF MUSCLE and VITALITY you want.

Just tell me in the coupon below the kind of body you want —and I'll give you FREE proof of how easily you can get it.

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DEEP CHEST—SLIMMER WAIST AND HIPS
I can add SOLID INCHES of powerful muscle to your chest. Give you slimmer waist and hips.

BIG ARM MUSCLES?
You'll see and feel your arm muscles BULGE out with super power and energy.

BROAD SHOULDERS?
"Dynamic-Tension" will broaden your shoulders. You'll see and feel RESULTS IN 7 DAYS!

TIRELESS LEGS?
Make your legs strong and powerful with the tireless drive of a long-distance runner.

MORE WEIGHT?
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MARSEILLES

Believe it or not but the above, called JULIET ADAMS, is a boxing fan. So it almost goes without saying that her 35-23-34 is a knock-out.

THE women say it's unlucky to see yourself, unexpectedly, in a mirror. Maybe it's unlucky to see yourself at all.

Unexpectedly. As you really are.

You may look small. Cut down to fit a frame; like in a driving-mirror. Yes: it came to me that way, as I was cruising happily south, between Belleville and Lyons. The car engine and I seemed to hum the same tune; on either side the poplars rose and danced past, figures in a sunlit ballet.

I saw myself, and the tune was broken off.

No, I'll be fair even in self-confession. If I saw a commonplace, habit-bound routine-man that wasn't me. That was what life had done to me. Life, and marriage, the suburban villa; the tight tidy little wife and the two bleached chairs on the ten-foot lawn.

Things were different, here in France. And the way I was heading would take me to the Mediterranean shore. From there, they told me, you could smell Africa.

Even more different. A whole continent of passion and adventure; blood, sweat and gold.

The way I was heading.

My life, if I chose, could head that way. But at the moment I was taking one meagre day out from a humdrum business trip. My day-dream was like peering into Eden through a crack in the fence.

I drew up at a small wayside café and sat under a walnut-tree, with an iced beer; the only customer in the afternoon sun. The innkeeper sat awhile with me, talkative. Through family connection I've fluent French though with the Belgian accent. But mostly I was just listening; going on with my dream.

Oh, he'd been to the Congo and to South America; he'd been a miner and a deck-hand and a mercenary fighter; he'd been in the Resistance. Maybe some of it was true. Certainly he'd lived.

As I could have lived. As I could live now.

If I chose.

I made the choice, as he waddled away over the baked earth of the terrace. I went over to my car and came back with maps. For this great valley of the Rhone was new country to me. That was why I'd taken the day out of programme for a glimpse of the south before swinging back towards Luxemburg and into Belgium again.

Another iced beer, while I mulled it over.

Two people, back in London, to be ditched. No more. I'd no family now, no social connections strong enough to set up urgent questions. My business life, shuttling between Dover and Ostend every month or so, hadn't let me send roots down in suburbia.

Not that I wanted to. Six years of that villa, even as little more than a sleeping-bag, had been six years of days I could have done without.

So, two people. My business partner, Phil Merrow, would be expecting me to walk into our Holborn office in three days' time according to schedule.

He'd also be expecting some four thousand quid, firm's money I'd collected from our customers in Belgium and the Rhineland.

"First the good news, I'm engaged."

Well hard luck, Phil Merrow. My signature would make those cheques negotiable and on four thousand I could go a long, long way into a new life—for a long, long time. Merrow, damn him, had often hinted he could do better on his own. Right. He could regard the missing four thou as buying me out.

Clear conscience, that way.

But, Maureen—?

I'd nothing against her. She'd been gay and a good-looker when I married her; and she still was; but somehow . . . You know? She'd dwindled into being part of the three-up, three-down. Tasteful, modern, mass-produced. See catalogue.

THE might miss me for about a month then she could sell the villa and the blasted lawn-mower and go back to Ma and they could form their chirpy little protest-movement against these awful men.

So hard luck, Maureen. Another item ticked off.

And decision made.

Over a couple of iced beers. Business habit, maybe. And when

FOR MURDER

The girl looked as if she had a lot to offer and he was ready to take

By Bret Martine

decision's made I don't warm up the pro's and cons to make another meal.

I drove on into Lyons, found a dealer who didn't ask too many questions, and made a quick sale of the car for francs equal to about three-fifty.

We were both happy at that and I reckoned the cash could give me a further year of freedom to roam . . .

That smell of Africa . . .

At the P.L.M. station in Lyons I boarded the Paris-Riviera stopping train, with a ticket for Marseilles. I'd had to wait an hour or so for it; one way and another, afternoon had merged into evening.

I HAD one travelling companion. I didn't need any more. She was enough to keep me interested for a much longer run. Her name was Yvonne-something; we established that within the first ten minutes. She was very Southern, just sultry enough, and she lived in Marseilles.

If Yvonne was a fair sample I began to think Africa could wait awhile. I'd cut loose. There was no hurry any more.

She pretended not to believe I was a Londoner born. "You speak French like a Parisian, m'sieu!"

"Hardly that." I showed her my passport. She stared at the pages and shuddered at the Belgian frankings. To a girl of Marseilles anything north of Dijon was a land of mist and fog. I told her some more about myself. Sure, chatting her up. Why not? She was receptive and I was foot-loose, fancy-free.

I felt years younger. After a while it dawned on me—for Yvonne was very *chic*—that I could do with looking a year or two fresher, after a dusty day. I excused myself and went along to get a session with soap and water, if any. It wasn't a luxury train.

There was a long wait. Seemed the frugal French passengers weren't missing the chance of free ablutions. Half an hour had gone when I fought my way back to the compartment.

Yvonne had gone too.

Perhaps she too had gone along the corridor but in the other direction. We hadn't passed. I sat, sorting over the bagful of personal stuff I'd brought away from the car: a crammed hold-all, my business portfolio and the jacket I'd taken off when I boarded the train. I took out the cheques from the portfolio and threw the rest from the carriage window. Finished with all that.

I jettisoned a few other unwanteds, re-packed the hold-all, put on my jacket. Presentable now. Fit and ready for a flirtation, or more.

But Yvonne didn't reappear. I'd occupied a good quarter-hour and we'd soon be approaching Marseilles.

It was then I began to search for my passport. . . .

By the time we pulled into Marseilles it wasn't my passport I was looking for, but Yvonne. I got off, threaded quickly along the platform, passed the barrier and waited, in shadow, as the crowd came out.

A hundred or so. Then the slow-moving trickle. A pause. Then Yvonne, making sure she was last but stepping briskly. I watched and followed.

Ten minutes later in a back-street café well away from the station, I dropped into the vacant chair opposite to where she sat stirring a beaker of hot chocolate.

Her lovely eyes rounded in alarm. "Oh, m'sieu—"

"Drink your chocolate," I said. "You need it. You're a little too cool, lovey. My passport, please—"

"I explored the whole train, m'sieu, searching for you—"

"Just hand it over." I expected a flood of voluble lies but she handed it over, quietly, from her bag. Fingering it, I said, "I'm a mug—or have been—but not the kind you want. I've worn out three of these, Continental travelling. What beats me is why you left my wallet and cigarette-case—they were in my jacket—"

"I am not a thief!"

She hissed the words, really angry. "A passport," I told her, "is a very valuable property—"

Her graceful fingers didn't look as though they could snap, but Yvonne was French. "It costs you that much! And you could get another." Suddenly those same graceful fingers were gripping my wrist. "M'sieu—you have it back—I beg you not to call the police—"

I laughed. "Relax, Yvonne. I'm not terribly fond of any police, specially just now. Finish that stuff and let's have a real drink; or why not a meal?"

I'd encountered plenty of con-girls in the Northern resorts anywhere from Brussels to Berlin but Yvonne was different. Maybe, I thought, just a beginner. An object of pity, trying to be smart.

The café was no tourist-spot but it managed a good soup and omelette. She seemed downcast, but glad of the food. "Did you say," she asked, "that you are not fond of the police? In trouble?"

"Not yet exactly, but—"

I tried to explain to her why I was skipping from England, home and suburban beauty. Yvonne said, "Here in Provence men seek their escape in the wine-bottle."

"In England it would be the pub. You should spend an hour in the local, back home. Sure, we drink there to forget. To forget we've nowhere else to go."

"Yes—but where do you go from here?" Yvonne's eyes were shrewd. It was any woman, studying any wandering husband.

"Where should I go?"

Anywhere, she pointed out, so long as I kept going. If I'd deserted a wife and embezzled money, the farther I went the better. A new life. under a new name. In a new country where I wasn't known at all, even on business trips. "That's all fine," I said, still wagging my passport, "but I'm stuck with this name, for travel."

"That kind of thing can be arranged."

And Yvonne confessed what I'd suspected. She was working as a pilferer for some small-time Marseilles gang with a passport-faking trade; getting shady people across frontiers. She stole genuine passports, to be used illegally. "We could help you, m'sieu."

It sounded a useful offer.

To my surprise, Yvonne told me it could all be fixed in a couple of hours. We agreed to meet in this same café. "I shall have to take your passport for the exchange—you will trust me?"

I grinned. "Only for two hours!"

We parted outside the café. I just loitered along, sampling the drinks at one or two others. To say truthfully I'd no stomach for trying any Marseilles night-life. I was a trifle scared. Being a rebellious husband had seemed big and enterprising.

Being a man on the run didn't feel so good. But Yvonne didn't let me down. Two hours later she handed me a passport. Clever job. It had my photo in it but I was now Georges Jean Matier, French, an engineer, of Marseilles. "How much do I pay for this?"

"Nothing," said Yvonne, simply. "You were kind to me."

I wondered if I shall ever see her again.

I felt better when I'd booked in for the one night at a hotel, and my new passport had been accepted at the desk without comment. Next day I travelled, northerly now. At the Swiss frontier the man said; with his bright eyes flickering from me to the open passport, "Your name?"

"It is there. Georges Jean Matier. From Marseilles."

"We must detain you," said the man. "You are wanted, Matier, by the French police on a charge of murder, by stabbing, of the husband of a young woman named Yvonne. You are her lover?"

"You flatter me," I smiled. Thinking, for a moment, this was a grim joke, played on a simple Englishman, which could all be explained away in ten minutes.

IT took me twenty hours: of mounting misery and deepening fright. I lied at first, under their endless questions, then turned desperately to the truth. "She must have played me for the sucker I am—the real Matier needed time and a change of identity for his getaway——"

They nodded, smiled, unbelieving like mandarins.

I might have been there this very evening but that news came through: Georges Matier, together with Yvonne, had been stopped trying to enter Spain.

So here I am. In the dreary old local. Oh, yes, I'd had enough of the great adventure. So back to England, back to the suburb. "Enjoy your business trip?" the landlord asked.

"Yeah. In parts."

"Gets boring, I s'pose. And no doubt your wife's glad to have you back."

"I wouldn't know," I said. And then, because the thing was sticking in my throat and had to come out, I added, "There was a note, you see. On the mantelpiece. She's ditched me. Been running around with my partner, chap named Merrow, during my trips abroad. They're on their way to America."

There was a pause. "You'll get over it," said the landlord.

"Oh, sure," I nodded. "You can't help laughing. Even when you can't think what you're laughing at. I'll have another. Then I must go back and mow the lawn." ●

EYE THERE!

IT was once said, and we won't go too deeply into who said it, that fellahs never made passes at girls who wore glasses, and as the present generation has been quick to point out, it just ain't so. But that's the trouble with generations—they're always tearing up the rulebooks of the one before.

As anyone walking down Carnaby Street will quickly find out, a girl feels ever-so-slightly undressed if she isn't wearing the latest pair of oglers which shout out loud to be seen. (Please note. Contact lenses just do not count.) And if they are not seen, then the woman feels that she has somehow failed herself.

So what's with this eye gear? Could it be that the girls just wish to make a spectacle of themselves? (We know it's a corny joke, but we just couldn't resist it—perhaps we should have.) Statistics reveal that in fact this glass kick is thought to be ever so fab, and is even thought to give ladies a new view on life. (We know that's corny number two, but if Tony Blackburn can get away with it, why can't we?) So over to the blokes to see if they have a few comments to add, or are they just glassy eyed on the whole subject?

Well, it does seem the men do approve, because if they didn't, you can bet that the ladies would whip those frames away at the drop of a lens. And of course it has never mattered whether men wear glasses or not, as the opposite sex just don't worry about things like that. But the chaps might give them one in the eye by reverting to monocles, which might put the ladies in a curious half-light.

The current craze for antiques might make us forget that newer items are also worth looking at, and Annie Doramour is a case in point with her 37-23-34.

INVENTED

by Alan Major

EVEN today the Bowie-knife is still considered one of the finest, best-balanced weapons to use for animal hunting and demonstrates how such a sheath-knife can be used silently and swiftly for killing. Comprising a broad, curved blade from 10 to 15 inches long, it is named after its inventor, Colonel James Bowie.

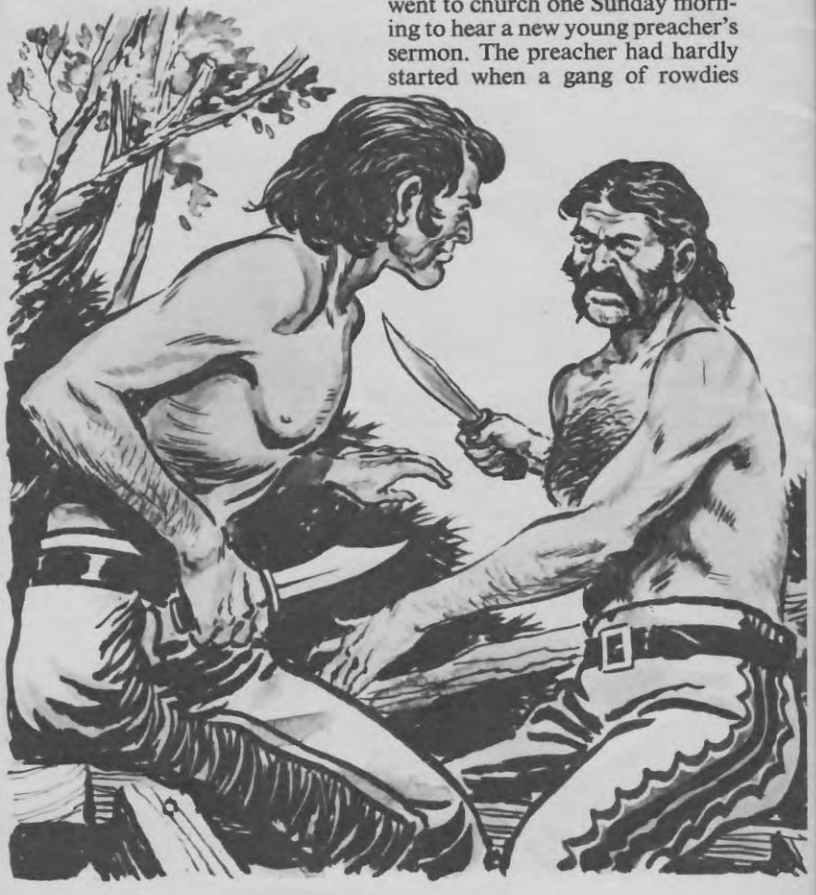
Colonel Bowie, with a brother and two partners, to raise some extra income used to smuggle slaves into the southern United States, despite slave trading being banned. The money did not do any of them much good. They spent it in the taverns of New Orleans, and Natchez, where Bowie, with his quick temper, got into frequent brawls.

One day lying in bed recovering from a stab wound received in a bar quarrel, Bowie whittled out a wood model for a knife to pass the time, and sent it to a local blacksmith to make one like it in metal.

The blacksmith made the original Bowie-knife from a large sawmill file. As designed by Bowie it had a two-edged blade nine inches long, slightly curved and thick enough where it joined the handle to be used for hammering. To complete it Bowie equipped himself with a spring sheath and from then on he was "in business" and said he would never collect another stab wound that would put him in bed or kill him.

At first the knife caused ridicule among those who heard Bowie's claims for it, until they saw how he could use it. His fame spread and at one time he was the most feared man in America. He only had to announce his name to scare the daylights out of any so-called "toughs" in a bar. Sometimes he used this reputation for a good purpose.

Although a boozer and brawler surprisingly Bowie also was a God-fearing man and attended church regularly. In a tiny Texan town, where he was unknown, he went to church one Sunday morning to hear a new young preacher's sermon. The preacher had hardly started when a gang of rowdies



KNIFE TO STRIKE LIKE A SNAKE

began cat-calling and making animal noises continually whenever the preacher tried to talk. After a few minutes of this Bowie strode to the front of the building and held up his hand. The rowdies stopped to hear what the strange figure in the worn buckskins wanted to say.

"You men, this man has come here to preach to you. You need preaching to and I'll be—if he don't preach to you! The next one of you to disturb him fights me outside and my name is Jim Bowie." The rest of the sermon was heard in attentive silence.

The fight which founded Bowie's fame took place because a Spaniard who lived in Natchez and also was skilled in the use of the knife for hunting, fighting and defence, disbelieved Bowie was as good as he claimed he was. The Spanish hidalgo challenged Bowie to a knife fight with the contestants seated face to face astride a wooden trestle. Bowie agreed, allowing the Spaniard to choose a long-bladed hunting knife, while he used his own invention.

Stripped naked to the waist the two men faced each other across the trestle, and flourished their knives as they attempted to make an opportunity to strike. Then the Spaniard drew back his arm to make a lunge. Bowie immediately thrust his short knife straight forward into the other man's stomach and drew it quickly across disembowelling the Spaniard in a few seconds.

As he had forecast Bowie did not die by the knife, but was killed in 1835 fighting with the Texan army at the Battle of the Alamo.

CAN YOU BE FUNNY, TOO?

If you can think of a funny caption for the cartoon below, write it down in the space provided, cut it out with the cartoon and send it to arrive not later than Tuesday, July 28th, 1970, to CARTOON CAPTION No. 524 'PARADE', CITY MAGAZINES LTD., ALDWYCH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2. The Editor will award a fiver to the sender of what he considers is the best received.

WIN £5 **WIN £5**

"I have nothing in particular against you Perkins . . . I despise all my employees."

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You've seen cartoonist Digby's caption on the cartoon above. Now see if you can do better.

Mr. Andrew Kay of Allt-Y-Coed, Carmel, Holywell, Flintshire, submitted the following caption to the cartoon, left, and wins FIVE POUNDS.

"Aren't we carrying this Plain Clothes lark a little to far, Sarge."

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PARADE SPORT

Round-up by PETE McCOY

Pedal Power

BENNY FOSTER, well-known cycling character, is a great talker. He can talk himself into trouble—and out of it.

But Britain is proud of Benny's persuasive tongue right now. For, thanks to Benny, Britain are staging the world cycling championships—at Leicester next month. Foster's fluent arguments won this country the championships against strong competition from countries where cycling is more of a major sport.

And Benny is working non-stop to give British cycling it's biggest-ever boost. And he is full of optimism that these championships will be a terrific success, as an international sporting occasion if not providing a tale of triumph for home riders.

He overcame planning obstacles by persuading the police to provide a detachment for the championships and, most important, to close the roads for the distance races. And he is raising the cash needed to stage his spectacular by "signing up" a number of sponsors.

I don't know if Benny's paraffin business is suffering in his full-time sporting activities but he is certainly oiling out a lot of cycling handicaps.

It will be a royal occasion for the Duke of Edinburgh will be along. The original plan for the P.M. to open the meeting was made when Harold Wilson was in charge.

When the racing starts don't expect to see many British names in the winning frames for the professional events—the continentals really have the edge on us when the paid pedallers get cracking.

But our chances of lifting a few amateur titles are quite bright—especially in the road races. Phil Edwards could lift the long distance crown, for example. Phil, who has been learning the cycling business thoroughly by spending the last two years in Holland, a great centre for the sport, was Britain's best in the recent round-Britain Milk Race.

And in the time trial men like Ant. Taylor, of Birmingham, Britain's best all-rounder last year, John Tooby, the ex farmer from Coventry, and Jeff Marshall, of Hounslow, are capable of setting up a pace that will be hard to beat.

MAKING TREKS

BRITISH swimming is to lose two top men—sprinter Tony Jarvis, former England team captain, and butterfly specialist Lennie Norris. They are going to study at American universities.

The giant 24-year-old Jarvis is going to Philadelphia and Norris, 20, to Oklahoma for courses that could take up to three years. And England will miss them.

In fact unless these two can get permission to report late to the U.S. for next term they will be unable to take part in the European championships in Barcelona early in September, one of international swimmings' most important events.

Losing Odds

FANCY yourself as a racehorse owner? Then I must warn you it will cost you about £30 a week to keep him—and you can expect to lose £16 of that.

Those are the average figures produced by the Racehorse Owners Association in their bid to get more prize money. Altogether racing is costing British owners £5 million a year.

On top of the £18 a week trainers' fees other essential characters in the racing scene like jockeys, stable lads, veterinary surgeons and blacksmiths need their corn.

Of course you could be one of the luckier ones and show a profit. But then, you'd need £100,000 or so to buy a racehorse capable of winning big prizes like the Derby.

Think I'll stick to backing them. That's expensive enough.

Smart Alec

RUGBY is a tough game. And tough men are needed to supervise the tough types who play it.

Which makes the election of Alec Lewis, 49-year-old regional manager with British Petroleum in Bristol, to the England selection board, a perfect choice.

George Best

WHAT WE WANT IS GOALS

—and the Watney Cup will provide them

BRAZIL won the World Cup because of their fantastic flair for attack. England lost because of Sir Alf Ramsey's obsession for defensive play. Soccer fans are still talking about the happenings in Mexico a month or so ago.

But now they have a new Cup competition on their doorsteps. And it's an event in which the accent will be on goal scoring more than it has ever been before.

Next Saturday, August 1, sees the first round of the Watney Cup, and it will prove that England still has the players who can get goals if they're encouraged to do so.

To refresh your memories the eight clubs in the Watney Cup are the highest scorers excluding promoted sides (two from each division) of last season. They have each collected their £4,000 for qualifying. Now they start the sudden-death battles for the Cup.

And it really is sudden-death. For in the event of a draw ties will be decided, not by the usual toss-up of a coin, but by a series of penalties.

Every player on each side will have a spot shot. Even the goalkeeper will have a shot. So a match ending 0-0 could result 11-10.

Here is the draw for the first round:

Reading v. Manchester Utd., Fulham v. Derby County. Aldershot v. Sheffield Utd., Peterborough v. Hull City.

Manchester Utd, with their star hot shots Georgie Best and Bobby Charlton, are favourites at 6 to 4, although the pre-arranged draw means they will not get a home game, but I have a fancy for Fulham who could have three ties at Craven Cottage.

Fulham chairman Tommy Trinder cracks "From what Brian Clough said on television Derby County could beat England. I think we can beat Derby so that puts this cup in the bag for us."

Trinder tells a great story about his visit to Watneys Brewery. "They asked me to move my car out of sight. Because the registration Nc. is T.T.1."

But tee-total Tommy agrees that beer is bringing all of us a competition that will provide the best type of football—plenty of goals.

The F.A. and Football League are also toasting this enterprise the greatest success. After all, they have each received cheques for £25,000 to sanction it.

"...So we must bear our misfortunes with a smile — why, only yesterday, I missed a three foot putt..."

For Alec, after being blown up by a mine in Italy during the war and told he would never play rugby again, defied the doctors and proved his toughness by winning 10 international caps.

And to emphasize the triumph of mind over matter he did not get his first cap until he was 31, an age at which most men are searching for less strenuous sporting activities.

Flighty Decision

HEATHER NIELSON, Britain's best woman badminton player, will make the feathers fly in Australia this winter. She has emigrated with husband Egon and family.

She was the first Englishwoman in five years to reach the final of this year's All-England championship, a title she won in 1959.

Handicapped

NATURE decrees that women will never be as strong as men and will never be able to take part in physical combat sports like boxing and wrestling seriously.

But they are training to take on more and more strenuous sports and Rita Ridley, flaxen-haired schoolmistress from Barking, Essex, is now leading a campaign for girls to run in long distance races.

For many years women were not allowed to compete in major events of more than 200 metres. And if it had continued it would have excluded champions such as Lillian Board. It took 30 years suffragetting before they were permitted to race over 400, 800 and 1,500 metres.

That metric mile was the largest distance on the recent Commonwealth Games women's programme. It may be for the last time, for Rita and her supporters think that the next Games will have a 3,000 metres event for them.

Rita, who has a twin sister Iris, who is almost as good a runner, says that for her its a case of the longer the better. In fact had races of 1,500 metres not been recognised she would have given up athletics. "I haven't the basic speed for shorter events" she says.

Good luck Rita, and the rest of you stayers.

Lillian Board

TURNED HIS BACK ON NAKED OFFER

SPORT PROFILE by Patrick Greene

THE Cabana Hotel in Rio was, in many respects, a very sleazy dump, filled with dust, peeling pink paint and faded dreams.

Beneath its roof sheltered the misfits of the world . . . the con men who only conned themselves . . . the actresses forever resting . . . the hipsters and the hucksters . . . and poor old men waiting patiently for death.

But to Garrincha, a fugitive from the coffee plantations, it was the Waldorf Astoria and the White House rolled into one.

He stared at its throwaway bric-a-brac with eyes of wonder and the beer-stained uniform of the desk clerk filled him with awe.

Chances are that he wouldn't have been there at all if it hadn't been for Leon Santos.

Leon Santos was a soccer scout who spent his days searching for talent along that most exciting of all hunting grounds, the Copocabana Beach in Rio.

To these golden sands came the raggety pants kids from the city and the hills beyond. For many of them it was the one true escape to happiness that they had ever known. And Leon Santos had only to see a kid pleading for a tilt at the Big Time and he'd be lost.

It was hard to say what first attracted him to Garrincha, unless it was pity.

For polio had taken the strength from the body of Garrincha and the shape from his feet.

They called him the "Little Limper" and all of his short life, he had known only poverty and despair.

There were brief moments when talent flared and the dream of glory didn't seem too impossible after all. While above all else, there was a touching faith in humanity that echoed Leon Santos's own. It warmed the marrow, warmed the heart.

Of course, at the same time, it made him a little less than discerning.

He looked, for instance, at his fellow inhabitants in the Cabana Hotel and was glad to know them.

The inhabitants, for vastly different reasons, were equally glad to know Garrincha.

Each and every one saw a chance to put the bite on this wide-eyed newcomer.

The old con artist who worked the lobby was the first to get to know him.

Now, to be honest, with the passing years, he had degenerated from a fully fledged con man to little more than an old scrounger.

He sat there in his old rocker telling Garrincha the stories of his life.

At the end, he rather pathetically wondered whether Garrincha could see his way free to lending him five American dollars.

The boy, without a word, gave him ten. This so moved the old man that he broke the golden rule for all con men, and paid him back.

The other inhabitants, bewitched by the trusting eyes of Garrincha, proved to be equally dismal failures at petty larceny.

Even the Duchess who plied for hire on the fourth floor came a cropper.

She appeared one night in his bedroom wearing a wraparound and very little else. There was, in fact, an awful lot of the Duchess to wraparound and it was only a very little wraparound.

On top of all this, she seemed somewhat careless . . . a failing no doubt accounted for by the purely temporary problem, as she explained, of being behind with her bill.

Garrincha readily offered to help. At which tidings, the Duchess threw her arms wide in joy, absent-mindedly letting the wraparound slide to the floor.

"All I have is yours," she announced dramatically.

"No, no, no," he said, patting her bare shoulder, "you must save yourself for a better fate."

The Duchess then disgraced the entire hotel by falling in love with the chump.

In the meanwhile, Garrincha was justifying the faith of Leon Santos in remarkable fashion.

He went through the junior sides of Rio like a forest fire, joined Botofoga and sadly left the Cabana Hotel behind.

By now, daily exercises had taken the last traces of the limp away. And he was already showing the ball control and that bewitching change of pace that would one day strike terror into the hearts of defenders everywhere.

In 1958, he went to Sweden with the Brazilian World Cup squad and, alongside Pele and Didi, stole the Europeans' thunder.

Like the other members of that victorious team, he came home a rich man.

And because he was nothing, if not sentimental, he returned for one last look at the Cabana Hotel.

The inhabitants were still there, a little older, but otherwise unchanged. He showered largesse upon them and they thanked him with tears of joy.

Then, shaking the dust from their feet, they departed in search of fresh lodgings.

Garrincha never did understand that.

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"I don't believe in nagging!"

This girl MIMSY BURROUGH has one ambition in life — to become a leading world figure. She hopes everyone will follow her 37-24-35.

"Just give the windows a rub over first, will you dear?"

A tie does something for a man, but obviously does much more for a woman. Well, here's CYNTHIA who's got what a man hasn't—namely 37-23-35.

"... just look at all that confetti you've brought in to my clean house!"

PARADE